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critics and the eye of the vulgar were equally gratified. (A. D. 1494-1534).

After these great masters a considerable time elapsed till the advent of the Carracci (1555-1619). Those artists, born at Bologna, by studying the works of their predecessors with great care, and particularly those of Correggio, became the first and most celebrated of their imitators. Annibale, the youngest of the trio (1560-1609), possessed a very correct design, and united somewhat of the ancient style to that of Ludovico, his elder cousin, with whom he studied; but he neglected to inquire into the intricate principles and philosophy of art. The pupils of the Carracci formed a school after their manner ("Lombard School"); but Guido Reni, (1574-1642) a painter of an easy and happy talent, formed a style altogether graceful and rich. Guercino (1590-1666) preferring the style of Carravaggio to that of the Carracci and Guido Reni, introduced a style formed of strong contrasts of lights and shades, greatly perfecting the adaptation of the principles of the *clare-obscure*.

Pietro di Cortona (Berretini) (1596-1669), succeeded these great imitators of their predecessors and of nature; and finding it difficult to succeed in that kind of painting, and yet having great natural abilities, applied himself chiefly to composition, or arrangement, and to what artists call taste. He distinguished invention from composition; appeared not to have attended to the former, but chiefly to those parts which are most prominent in the picture, and to the contrasting of groups. It was then that the practice was introduced of loading pictures with a great number of figures, without examining whether or not they agreed to the subject of the history. The ancient Greeks employed a very small number of figures in their works, in order to render more evident the perfection of those given. The disciples or imitators of Cortona, on the other hand, have sought to conceal their imperfections by multiplying their figures. This school of Cortona is divided into many branches, and has changed the character of the art.

Carlo Maratti flourished at Rome A. D. 1625-1713. His aim was the greatest

few of those advantages of education or example which the works of the distinguished masters furnished to the more fortunate artists of Lower Italy, we cannot deny that in him was one of the most extraordinary displays of genius ever vouchsafed by heaven for the guidance and advancement of mankind in the paths of art."

perfection possible, by uniting the various excellences of preceding masters. Making rigid studies of nature, he arrived at the conclusion that it was not best to imitate her with scrupulous exactness. This principle, which he extended to every branch of his art, gave to his work a certain style of carefulness and ideality which yet has its exponents and imitators. Maratti is characterized by Richardson as "the last painter of the Roman School," to which belonged Raphael, Romano, Carravaggio, Andrea Sacchi, &c., &c.

With these artists modern art had its bases laid, and upon their labors are we now building. We go to the shrines of Europe as to the fountain head, where the pure stream of inspiration may be quaffed. Diversities, resulting in the several "schools," have given birth to diverse excellences, to manifold expression, to a varied interpretation of the principles of Beauty, and the student of to-day has for his guide and emulation works crowned with immortality. To some of these works and their authors we shall devote considerable attention in future papers, hoping the subject will prove of interest and profit to all our readers.

### PASTILLES.

"Diffusing light, aroma, and sweet dreams."



OF all records in the Bible that in Genesis, of the Creation, is the sublimest. Yet its full power and pathos are rarely comprehended. To the ordinary understanding a fact is simply stated: "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light," while the added exclamation, "God saw the light, and it was good," possesses a kind of matter-of-course reflection upon the result of the Creator's labor. Oh, most unwise interpretation! In that declaration, "And it was good!" is one of the sublimest of all truths which come to us by divine authority, for therein is the *purpose* of the creation shadowed forth—that it should be good, giving life, and grace, and pleasure, and beauty, to all things. What is the

mere process of creation, the fact of the deed, compared with the effect and purpose of the thing created? Not more notable than matter itself; while the results which follow reach into ten thousand channels, showing relations, and powers, and glories with which the whole order of the universe may be controlled. That the Divine Mind attached less interest to the act of creation than to the effect of the thing created, is evident from the watchful care bestowed upon the end attained, pronouncing it good ere He delivered it from His hand to enter upon its grand mission of harmony to the universe, and majesty to man.

"Good!" That is a blessed word, for it implies Beauty as well; and with Beauty comes its handmaiden Truth; hence, from the direct ordinance of God, we have the heavenly trio of the Good, the Beautiful, the True. No mere abstractions, but clad in the living, palpable, cognizant divinity which pervades all being. Alas, that they have so little recognition from men—that they are so little studied by the expounders of the Word! It is one of the stubborn order of things, handed down by our orthodox fathers, to regard the exposition of these qualities of matter and their relations as belonging to the province of the philosopher, to metaphysics, rather than to the teacher—to practical adaptation. And, with this stubborn refusal to a recognition of the offices of the trio, follows, as the lamentable result, ignorance of the divinity which exists in the relations of things, in the unity of these relations, in the power of this unity, and in the purpose which underlies all. The Indian who

"Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind,"

has a more realizing sense of the presence of that Divinity which rules the universe, than he whose ideas of God the Creator are embraced in "articles of faith"—the merest abstractions in the world, the absence of an acquiescing reason. When around us, thickly strewn upon every hand, are most glorious proofs of God's goodness and ceaseless care, what pitiful cant is it which discards these living essences for the dead bones of some "orthodox" dogma! When our spiritual teachers learn us how to "make the acquaintance of God" through the divine interpreters commissioned by His direct providence, then shall our realization of the Creator be as He designed—clear, loving, and aspiring.

IN meditating over the "Life and Times of Dr. Watts" we have been trying to solve the question, "Why are there so few Sir THOMAS ABNEYS in this world?" The relationships which existed between the excellent divine and the Christian gentleman were so pleasing, so productive of good, that we wonder why so few extend and receive such hospitality. Dr. WATTS, born in the midst of the persecutions of JAMES II., grew to be a solemn-minded boy, then a noble-minded man, whose heart was in the work of doing good to his kind. At 24 years of age, after the publication of his "Hymns and Spiritual Songs" had made his name known and beloved by all classes, he assumed charge of a congregational church in London, and devoted himself assiduously to his pastor's labors. But health giving way, he suffered much at intervals, up to the year 1712, when a nervous fever prostrated him for months, completely undermining a constitution which had never been strong. Slowly recovering from this attack, his friends, Sir Thomas Abney and Lady Abney, persuaded him to their lovely retreat to recruit. Then followed a *thirty-five years'* "visit," not less interesting than morally beautiful. Of this visit Dr. Gibbons, his biographer, writes: "Here, without any care of his own, he had everything which could contribute to the enjoyment of life and favor the unwearied pursuit of his studies. Here he dwelt in a family, which, for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue, was a house of God. Here he had the privilege of a country recess, the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages to soothe his mind and aid his restoration to health—to yield him, whenever he chose them, the most grateful intervals from his laborious studies, and enable him to return to them with redoubled vigor and delight." What a beautiful picture is this to contemplate—what a poem was that life—what a sermon upon Christian Charity was that hospitality! Hood touched ten thousand eyes to tears when he wrote:

"Alas! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun!  
Oh! it was pitiful  
In a whole city full,  
Home she had none!"

And it is because that charity is so rare, which takes a homeless wanderer in, that it is so touching. But the Mag-

dales is not the only one upon whom charity is rarely bestowed. Such as Dr. WATTS—the frail man, the close student, the poet, and philosopher—are too often left to the misery which poverty is so sure to bring; and days and weeks which ought to be devoted to beneficent labor, or to great mental achievement, are sacrificed to meet the mere bodily necessities. When CHATTERTON's body was found in his room, and his life's sad history was made known, the public were moved to expressions of great pity; but at the very moment of regret there were hundreds (if not as gifted as the young poet, yet as deserving of encouragement) whose great gifts were, like the fires around the martyr, given for anguish rather than for comfort. It is such that deserve the attentions of the kindly disposed; for, from a favor bestowed, "the lost and shipwrecked brother may take heart again," and live to accomplish noble things.

ONE of the "aching senses" is the longing which seizes us at times to flee away from the whirl of life, and seek some quiet spot where there is no care, no thought of the world; only calm, deep peace. We pursue the rounds of our daily being with mind and nerves strained to their utmost capacity, and it were strange, indeed, if a sense of weariness did not come to win us away from our cares to some sweet nook of repose. But to the sensitive soul, whose hopes are not for the accomplishment of some ambitious scheme, who rather craves for the communion of kindred souls, and longs to be away from the tumult of life, this feverish existence is terrible to endure, and being becomes a constant penance from which death alone seems to offer escape. It is evidence to us, when these high and pure souls so crave for repose, that there is a "dim retreat" beyond the horizon of this day, where shall be the fullness of peace, and the soul shall enjoy, in all its boundless capacity for joy, its *natural* life. One of the most beautiful evidences of the immortality within us is this longing, if the emotion was but rightly marked and understood; and when we hear the pure and beautiful of earth pleading for peace—peace! we know truly that it is the voice of the better nature crying for its own. A penciling is before us wherein one of the purest of this life's beautiful ones gave utterance to the wish for rest in these touching words:

The world is rough and wild with care—  
The people are hurrying to and fro—  
We are weary and worn, we sigh with despair—  
Where—where shall we go?  
Where shall we go to be free from this,  
Just for a time to put it by?  
Where struggle from out the desperate mass?  
Give us rest or we die!  
Is there no spot where violets grow,  
Lone, and dim, and silent, and sweet,  
Where flowers that lie in the moss below  
Perfume our humble, aching feet?  
A dim retreat,  
Whose very secrecy makes it sweet?  
So silent no sound doth ever come  
Of the battling world; only the hum  
Of bird wings and the breeze  
Sighing its love out to the trees,  
As we sigh loves for one another!  
To such dim nook *in spirit* we steal,  
Letting the blind world reel;  
While we, like children, are lulled to rest  
With the soothing sense of a mother's breast.

Nothing with which we have met for many a month is of more exquisite utterance; and the very beauty of that pictured peace arms us with trust that it will be found—if not on earthly hills and dales, at least in the Golden Land that is beyond the dimness of mortal sight.

WE lately descanted upon the power of Beauty—not æsthetically considered, but in its bearing as a practical instrument in moulding life and fortune. Has not Deformity a like office? If it has, then where is the impropriety of according to it *positive* qualities? It is too much the cant of some philosophic formulas to class all opposites to Beauty, Virtue, Happiness, as mere negatives, simply implying the absence of the positives; but, if positives have an existence, negatives may likewise be powers and principles—just as Evil is existent, and has definable qualities.

If Deformity has existence, has it not properties? Without doubt; but it is as impossible to define them as to prescribe the laws of the Beautiful. We can only arrive at them by approximation, by close contrasts; or, in many instances, only by abstract reasoning, so closely do Beauty and Deformity assimilate in many of their features and powers. Although it might prove a profitable inquiry to trace these analogies, it would not interest the mass of readers, who prefer what is genial to dry disquisition. We have stated enough to render it highly probable that, like Beauty, Deformity has powers—that it gives rise to emotions, produces feeling, directs action, in as positive a manner as the

more generally noticed and favored beauty. It should follow, then, that no true artist, or orator, or poet, or musician, can deal truthfully with nature, who does not recognize the power of the deformed—or, to use a more generally received word, the power of contrast, since a thing is deformed, or irregular, or inharmonious in the degree of contrast with what is opposed to these qualities. It is through a knowledge of these powers that the finest and most lasting impressions are made, the truest effects are wrought. It is that knowledge which renders SHAKESPEARE the powerful genius that he is; which gives ANGELO his preëminence in the world of art; CICERO his incomparable excellence in the forum; BOSSUET in the pulpit; MRS. BROWNING in the world of modern letters. Were these personages ignorant of the artistic force of the deformed, in what respect would they have towered above the masses around them? They might have wrought, and said beautiful things; but the word "powerful" never could have been attached to their names.

SIMMS, in his "Egeria," puts in this plea for speculative research:

"There is no doctrine more dangerous than that which is perpetually making outcry about (supposed) dangerous doctrines. No error of opinion can possibly be dangerous in a country where opinion is left free to grapple with them. Undoubtedly, such wisdom produces the wildest freaks of speculation, the crudest philosophers, and morals and metaphysics equally insisted upon and impossible. But they are of a fungous growth, have a mushroom life, which the next day's sun dries up and disperses. They need alarm nobody—yet they do. How many men, with hearts of lions, have yet been scared by shadows! Philosophy has its bugbears, as well as superstition."

This has its seed of truth; yet a great many good and pious people look upon all speculation as infidelity or fanaticism. They forget that, as God has given us minds susceptible of an infinite expansion and range of thought, we are bound to cultivate the faculties, and pursue inquiry and research into the very confines of mystery. The truth will be eliminated, and good will come, so that the holy horror of our conservative friend is quite anti-Christian. When NEWTON pursued the grand mystery of the universe to its head, and

drew from his brain the resolution of the great problem of the attractions, he was but following up the propositions of speculation until they reached their legitimate solution. And so with every benefactor from NEWTON's day down, and from his time backward: they were benefactors only because they employed their superior minds in the illustration or elimination of the hidden, yet existent. This day seems particularly marked by all kinds of the strangest, wildest, and apparently most absurd speculation; but we believe it is all right, and that after awhile a new truth will burst upon us which shall unravel all the psychological and physical mysteries that now surround us. If a man is a Spiritualist, and spends his nights and days holding converse with the invisible, let him speculate; and after awhile he will set himself and the world right. So with the philosopher prospecting after geological truths: let him speculate, and he will walk into the Grand Plaza of Truth on beautiful steps of effects to cause. So with the mental philosopher: let him gather unto himself all kinds of theories, and one day all the mysteries of will, consciousness, instinct, &c., will resolve themselves into a lesson which the child may read.

Sorrow is ever present, though the semblance be beautiful, at times, as the moon sailing amid the darkness. Even in our most joyous moments there is the consciousness of a shadow upon the soul; and not amid the wild sublimity of the mountains, nor in the quietness of home, is the presence wholly gone. Beauty is linked with, and a sister of sadness, as the Saviour is linked with the thought of a crown of thorns and wounds in His side; and though we live in the sunlight of gladness with the forms of beautiful things upon every side, yet shall there gleam from out of every landscape a shadow—from out of every rose a thorn. In the midst of the most magnificent music we weep, even though the strains be loaded with exultation—to the echo of the lowest and sweetest melody the eyes brim up with a grief which seems always present.

Shall this ever be? It is given for the sense to realize the presence of beauty; and as God is impressed in all beautiful things, to hence realize the presence of Him. But it is *not* given for the mortal sense to compass the *perfection* of that beauty—else were we admitted to immor-

tal knowledge; but the presence which is ever with us, of sadness, longing, sorrow, is the feeling of the *want* of that immortal realization, and we shall go down to the grave with the want unanswered.

But there is a place where beauty is not linked with sadness—where the Saviour is not crowned with thorns—in the presence of the *Source of Beauty*. There, sorrow is *not* immortal—it has not a being: have you said well, then, friend?

SOME one has said, and how truly! that "a pure passion for flowers is the only one which long sickness leaves untouched with its chilling influence." How, during a weary illness, have we looked upon new books with perfect apathy, when, if a friend has sent a few flowers, our heart has leaped up to their hues and odors, with a sense of renovated childhood, which seemed like one of the mysteries of our being! Flowers are ministers of grace, indeed; and their blessed presence is ever a balm. Love of them is a love of the purest beautiful; hate of them, if it were possible, is a cause for distrust. And where the dwelling is whose windows treasure a rose, a geranium, a cactus or verbenas, there, we know, is sunlight around the hearthstone, even though sorrow may have entered at the door—there is a quiet joy which the world cannot dim. Blessed flowers! Their mission is one of gladness and beauty, and we covet their presence as we covet all holy and precious things.

KIND words are to the heart what odor is to the senses—a blessing and a balm. They turn away wrath not alone; but sadness, and melancholy, and suffering disappear at their gentle sound, and the world is all the brighter. How changed would all things seem if no angered words were spoken! How every face would bear the imprint of Heaven, and every heart leap to love and trust! The blessed millennium promised by Scripture can easily be realized if we turn all the care from the world, and implant within each breast the seeds of good will and kindness. And if, in so great a degree, kind words leaven and sweeten life, in a lesser, but no less sure degree, they leaven the heart of each individual being, and render the soul a living millennium. How, then, should we try to cultivate kindness! and how constantly should kind words lay upon our lips!